

TO M——

A souvenir of friendship you request?
I pause in doubt, ere I the task essay
To capture on the wing, with facile pen,
Each giddy thought that owns my spirit's sway.

Tamulously they throng my fevered brain,
Till I am almost tempted, in despair,
To take them to my bosom back again,
And let them be forever buried there.

Or shall I bid them on this virgin page
Take lasting form, that else were born to die?
Yes; for the voice of Friendship asks the boon—
Can Friendship's hand the trifling boon deny?

And oh! 'tis meet that ere we drift apart
To seek whate'er the future hath in store,
Some token of youth's season may remain,
That season bright which can return no more.

Between us two may storm-lashed oceans roll,
Thus you and I will walk our separate ways,
Each hurrying on toward the destined goal,
Each living one appointed length of days.

Maturer life may bring us other friends;
New hopes, new ties, new loves may then entwine
Their close and cherished tendrils round your heart,
May even veil the shadowy past from mine.

The girlish vows of friendship then exchanged,
Will to us like some faded story seem;
The roseate-dawning morn of maidenhood,
Like some sweet, fleeting, half-forgotten dream.

These fading lines may serve then to recall
The form you never more on earth may see;
Whilst I, when music's strains delight my ear,
Will think of those you have awaked for me.

When memory's spirit, o'er the ivory keys
Shall make its haunting presence manifest,
'Twill waft upon the music-laden breeze
My prayer, that you may be forever blest!

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, January 8th, 1877.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

The weather was beautiful, cold but clear, and the roads excellent. With such a horse one could easily reach home in three quarters of an hour. He ordered supper, but ate little, and seemed restless and preoccupied. He talked with Roberge a good deal about his wife; remarked that she was getting old; was often very ill, which circumstances caused him at times much distress of mind, and great uneasiness. He did not, however, complain of being ill himself on that occasion. He slept in a room adjoining that of Roberge, who further deposed that Dulong rose two or three times during the night; walked up and down his room and seemed much agitated, muttering broken sentences to himself—the sense of which Roberge did not seize. All this increased the astonishment of the innkeeper. In the morning Dulong arose, ordered his horse, paid his bill, scarcely spoke and left the house about seven o'clock. We must now return to a recital of the events which were taking place during the remainder of the night in Dulong's house.

We left George Dulong in the dining-room, his sister-in-law asleep, and Madame Louvac standing by the bedside. Outside, it was a cold, bright starry night—a night of the north, and its wintry stillness. The inhabitants of the village had retired to rest, and all was quiet, except in the hearts of Madame Louvac and George Dulong. About half an hour past midnight, the front door of Dulong's house was suddenly opened, and a man was seen to pass out with great precipitation; he was bare-headed, and in his shirt sleeves. It was George Dulong, who seemed to be in a state of great alarm and agitation; and after pausing for a moment, and looking wildly round, up and down and then upwards to the houses opposite, he ran across the street to the residence of a man by the name of Dunagon, husband of the woman who had met Madame Louvac at Madame Dulong's the evening previous. He knocked at the door and upon being admitted so soon as he intimated who he was, he announced to the Dunagons in hurried and incoherent sentences, that his sister-in-law was dying or dead; and he implored them to accompany him at once to the house. Madame Dunagon, petrified with horror, was the first ready and immediately repaired to the Dulong's with George. Altho' a woman of great nerve, and remarkable for her self-possession, she was much agitated by the statement she had just heard of the condition of Madame Dulong, to whom she was attached by a more than ordinary affection. She asked George no questions; he did not seem to be in a state to answer any, but a fearful suspicion crossed the mind of Madame Dunagon; and she shuddered when she remembered the terrible guest who was passing the night with her friend. But George was there, and what harm could come to her when that strong and friendly arm was present? When she entered Madame Dulong's bed-room she found Madame Louvac standing by the bedside half-dressed. In one hand she held a candle, and with the other she was wetting the lips of Madame Dulong with a feather. The latter was quite dead, her eyes were closed, strange to say; her lips slightly parted, the pallid hues of death were on her cheeks; her brow was pale and cold and her whole countenance was marked by that expression of languor and repose, peculiar to those who have died an easy and natural death. The bed was not disturbed, and Madame Dulong lay on her back, with her left arm across her

breast and the right extended by her side. The body was not yet quite cold, and everything was so quiet, so natural, and the scene so awful, that Madame Dunagon was horrified at her own suspicions. No appearance of a struggle, no marks of violence—not believing that poison could act so suddenly—the sedate and composed demeanour of Madame Louvac, all combined to overwhelm her for the moment with grief and dismay. Approaching the bedside, and placing her hand on the cold forehead of her deceased friend, she turned to Madame Louvac and said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"She is dead."
"Do you think so?" said the other, opening her large-shaded and unfathomable eyes full on Madame Dunagon, and then with a somewhat stern and steady gaze, she added, "I think you are mistaken. It seems to me it is just one of those strange fits to which she is liable; only more severe than usual. Surely she is not dead. I cannot believe it."

Madame Dunagon made no reply, but placed her hand on the breast of the deceased. It was still. She felt the pulse, no sign of life was there; then holding a mirror to the face, it showed that respiration had ceased; and that angelic woman, so amiable and so confiding, slept her last sleep, and had gone to her long and lonely rest. Not believing in Madame Louvac's theory of a fit having carried off the deceased so suddenly, Madame Dunagon was much perplexed and at last she took the lifeless hand of the deceased and exclaimed with an expression of great sorrow:

"Oh! my dear, dear friend, who or what has caused all this?"

But at this moment Dunagon arrived in company with two other neighbours and friends; and entering the chamber of death, they all stood round the bed. They were greatly moved. Many an exclamation was heard, and many questions were asked of Madame Louvac and George. The latter seemed downcast and agitated, but this was, naturally enough, attributed to grief at the loss of such a kind friend and so beloved a relative. Madame Louvac was calm, self-possessed and very sympathetic in her manner and expressions. There was just enough of emotion and embarrassment in her demeanour to show that she felt keenly the death of Madame Dulong, and at the painful necessity there existed for her to give some explanations in regard to the particular circumstances of her fearfully sudden decease. Either in all this she was sincere, or her hypocrisy and nerve proved her to be a person equal to, and accustomed to equivocal and desperate emergencies. Her brief account of Madame Dulong's death, her appearance and what occurred at the time was eagerly listened to by the friends present. Some seemed confounded, others incredulous, but many concluded that she had died in a fit. Several other friends had now arrived, and the deceased's brother, who resided a short distance from there, was sent for, and he arrived about three o'clock in the morning. He was a stern man of few words, but devotedly attached to his sister, and seeing how matters stood, learning also what had occurred, he determined and gave directions that the body should remain undisturbed in its position on the death-bed. He had no particular conversation either with George or Madame Louvac; and was evidently under the impression that a mystery of some kind had to be, if possible, cleared up. He, Madame Dunagon, and one or two other friends, remained with the body the rest of the night. George and Madame Louvac also did not leave till next day.

The following morning, two doctors and the coroner, having been previously notified, arrived at Dulong's about eight o'clock, accompanied by several of the neighbours. It may be proper to remark that a physician had been sent for during the night and immediately after the alarm was given; on, however, reaching the house and examining the deceased, he declared she had been dead some time, but he could not then state what was the cause of death and immediately left. As it was not known at what hour Dulong would arrive, the deceased's brother decided that the inquest should be held forthwith, and without waiting for the husband's arrival; and this he insisted on more particularly as he had some latent and undefined suspicion in regard to him also, and he did not wish to be interfered with.

The coroner was proceeding to select and swear the jury, when Dulong reached home. He saw several persons in earnest conversation at his door, and a number of people going in, and coming out of his house, all having an expression of preoccupation and anxiety depicted on their countenances. He enquired the cause, and having learnt what had taken place and what was going on, he became very much agitated, and seemed to be almost overwhelmed with astonishment. He proceeded at once with faltering step and haggard look to the room where the lifeless body of his wife lay; and with bowed head and his two hands clasped, he gazed intently on the pale, tranquil features of death before him. The expression of his face was that of amazement and anguish of mind. He knelt down by the bedside and taking her cold hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, uttered a short prayer, and exclaimed in a trembling voice, indicating deep emotion—

"Oh! my dear—my adored wife, how did this happen?—had I been here this could not have occurred. Oh! God, surely you would not have died thus!"

After remaining a short time in the room

alone—for the friends, out of delicacy and deference to his feelings, had withdrawn—he rose and left, and in doing so requested the Coroner to do his duty. This scene rather awed those present. He immediately proceeded to a room in another part of the house, and in which he was in the habit of passing much of his time, for it was a sort of library or office. Here he was almost immediately joined by Madame Louvac, who remembered that she was particularly desirous of knowing his wishes in regard to something connected with the proceedings taking place in the house. At least such was the pretext she gave. It was afterwards attested by a witness that she overheard a conversation between them, when in the room, to the following effect:—

"If I am not mistaken," said Madame Louvac, "I heard a remark of yours just now, which rather surprised me."

"And what was that?" inquired Dulong.
"You said, if my ears do not deceive me, that it was owing to your absence that your wife died, and you tried to make it appear that you were not aware I was to pass the night here—is that so?"

"No, no," answered Dulong impatiently, "you are in error—besides, how perfectly misplaced and absurd all this is, at such a moment."

The witness said she did not distinctly hear the reply, but she caught these words or something like them, uttered by Madame Louvac in a suppressed, menacing tone:—

"Don't try to play the fool—false position—be careful how you talk—passed the night here at your request—you know why—beware!"

This evidence, however, was not directly corroborated, except that Dulong in coming out of the room said carelessly in conversation or in reply to some one, that he was aware that Madame Louvac intended to pass the night with his wife. It must be said, however, that all this was conclusively proved.

The jury were named, sworn, and having surveyed the body of the deceased, they withdrew. The two medical men were then directed by the Coroner to proceed with the *post mortem* examination. In the meantime the crowd left, and George and Madame Louvac returned home. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the jury were recalled to receive the report of the physicians, and to hear their evidence. After giving very full details of their examination, and having described the external and internal appearances and condition of the body, they declared they were unable to state on oath what was the cause of death. There was no trace whatever of poison, nor the slightest indication that any poisonous substance or agency had anything to do in causing death. There was no rupture of any of the blood vessels of the brain. She had not died of sanguineous apoplexy. There was congestion of the brain, but what had caused that congested condition of the organ, they could not say. The next witness examined was Madame Louvac, who had been sent for, and who lost no time in making her appearance. She was sworn, and she manifested no hesitation, no faltering, no agitation. She said about five o'clock the previous evening, when she entered the house, she saw Madame Dulong standing in the passage, and she greeted her with great cordiality, and seemed to be in good health. George Dulong was there when she arrived; the deceased asked her to spend the evening with her as she was alone, and afterwards pressed her to pass the night. Madame Dulong requested her brother-in-law to sleep at the house; Madame Dunagon came in about eight o'clock, and remained half an hour, or thereabouts. George slept at the house. "It was ten o'clock, perhaps a little later, when Madame Dulong and myself spoke of retiring; but before doing so, it was proposed that we should partake of some punch. I prepared it; made it with warm water for Madame Dulong, but took mine cold. It was at my suggestion her's was made hot; George declined taking any. Madame Dulong had a bad cough, and she and myself also thought that the punch would soothe it. After this we retired; George slept on a sofa in the drawing-room. Madame Dulong, after going to bed, soon fell asleep; but I remained awake for some time. There was no light in the room then. About twelve o'clock Madame Dulong, with a kind of a start, exclaimed:—"Oh! I am choking." I raised myself in the bed, and turned towards her. She immediately said in a sort of gasping way:—"Don't speak, it will make me cough." I was greatly alarmed. I found she was breathing with difficulty; I waited, however, for a few moments, but all at once her legs stiffened, her arms were slightly agitated and then seemed to become rigid. I got up quickly, and called loudly for her brother-in-law, who came in asking "what is the matter with you?" I said, "My God! I don't know, but your sister-in-law seems to be very ill." He said, "Light a candle," which I did. We approached the bed, she breathed once or twice, gave a low groan, and then all was still. We were both very much frightened. George then ran out to give the alarm. I suggested that he should go to Mr. —, the notary, but he went at once to the Dunagons—you know the rest. Madame Dulong had expired when Madame Dunagon arrived. The Coroner and one of jury asked a few questions, but elicited nothing of importance.

The next witness examined was George Dulong; his evidence agreed in almost every particular with that of the preceding witness. He said about twelve o'clock he was awake by a sharp cry from Madame Louvac, and when he

ascertained the cause and saw the state of the deceased, he immediately gave the alarm. He went first to the Dunagons; when he returned, his sister-in-law was dead; he was absent about ten minutes, perhaps less. Other witnesses were examined, but they gave their testimony with much reserve, and in a very guarded manner. In consequence of the medical evidence not disclosing the cause of death, the case had become one of great delicacy, and the only persons present, Louvac and George, had deposed in a way that was rather staggering. The witnesses neither volunteered any statements, nor hazarded any theories. The jury retired, and after a long deliberation, gave a verdict about which there was evidently hesitation on their part; but which, in effect, amounted to this, that Madame Dulong's death was caused by Madame Louvac, and by the husband and brother-in-law. At this finding the former seemed surprised, but accepted the verdict without comment. The result of the verdict created some astonishment, and the general impression was that an injustice had been done. The character of the husband and Madame Louvac did not stand high, and their intimacy was strongly condemned by public opinion; yet the charge of murder was too grave—too horrible to be believed; and besides, George, the brother-in-law, was supposed to be incapable of such an act. Still many thought otherwise. The Coroner hesitated to arrest the accused on the verdict, until he took advice of the Crown Officer. Three or four days afterwards, however, the arrest was made; and they were committed for trial at the next term of the Court of Queen's Bench, to be held in Montreal. When arrested, the accused conducted themselves with great composure, although a good deal surprised and distressed in mind; and it may be remarked that on their way to prison, and during the whole period of their detention, their deportment was reserved and serious; and in every respect a bearing which became persons in their position. No words of defiance or levity; no appearance of great depression or anxiety. Read by the light of subsequent disclosures, and of the tragical *dénouement* which followed, this demeanor, even from the first, was rather astonishing.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

It is said that Mrs. Rousby is so disfigured by her recent accident at Brighton that it is very doubtful whether she will ever appear on the stage again.

SIGNOR SALVINI is rich, and now that he is married he plays for money no more. It is only charity, or good comradeship, that now brings him occasionally on the stage.

At a dinner given in Turin to Herr von Flotow, the composer of *Martha*, he proposed the following toast:—"I drink to Italy, which will always be the native land of melody, and, perhaps, its refuge!"

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, after his two oratorios, "Eli" and "Naaman," has preserved a long silence in composition; but it is stated that he is now engaged on a third work depicting the career of Joseph, the son of Jacob.

The veteran Stuttgart tenor, Herr Southeim, who induced the King of Württemberg to go to the expense of reducing the pitch, and a fortnight afterwards petitioned for the restoration of the former high standard, has been singing in Vienna in Halévy's "Juive," in which he still preserves his *C sharp de poitrine*.

MADAME PATTI's benefit at Moscow is stated to have been a great success, Signor Campana's "Esmeralda" being the opera chosen. There were sixty calls for the *bénéficiaire* during the performance, and more than 300 bouquets were showered upon her, besides which she was presented with a beautiful pair of diamond and sapphire earrings.

HUMOROUS.

SOME one says there is to be an association of New York newspaper funny men. Why not call it the Society of the Pun-jaub?

THE season has begun when professional pianists are expected to play all the evening at a family party for a piece of cake and a glass of lemonade; and it doesn't pay at that.

KATE CLAXTON was saved at the Brooklyn theatre by having a petticoat with her. This confirms our opinion that no right minded young man should attend an entertainment without one.

SOME signs may always be relied upon. When a lady makes a young man a present of a handkerchief and he immediately proceeds to look it up in a drawer, notwithstanding that he has a cold in the head and his washing hasn't been brought home, it is usually safe to presume that he is in love.

It is singular that Parrhasius, after such an expense of money and cruelty in getting a study of intense physical agony for his Prometheus, never thought of the simpler and more satisfactory method of watching a man with a cold blister on his lip trying to stifle a laugh.

THE only difference between an icicle and an iceberg is size, and the only difference between the man who will not pay his printer's bill and the bank defaulter, is—well, there is no difference.

THE *Home Journal* objects to the wearing of diamonds, when travelling, because it is vulgar. It is a position which we assumed years ago, and we are glad to say that no one connected with this paper has ever been guilty of such vulgarity. We have occasionally taken a ride with a lawyer, but there are some depths to which we cannot sink.

No expression of the human countenance can equal the look of lonesome amazement that dashes over the face of the solitary oyster at finding himself scooped up in a gallon of church sociable soup. The oyster, with a swallow, homeward flies.

WHEN you see a man, mercury at-zero, all alone in a sleigh, holding on to one of his ears, as if he had a bumble-bee in a clam shell, his face as purple as a grape pounce, and spitting clumps of snow from his mouth, then you can make up your mind that he prefers his own comfort to that of anybody else, and isn't very particular what that comfort is, so long as he has it all to himself.